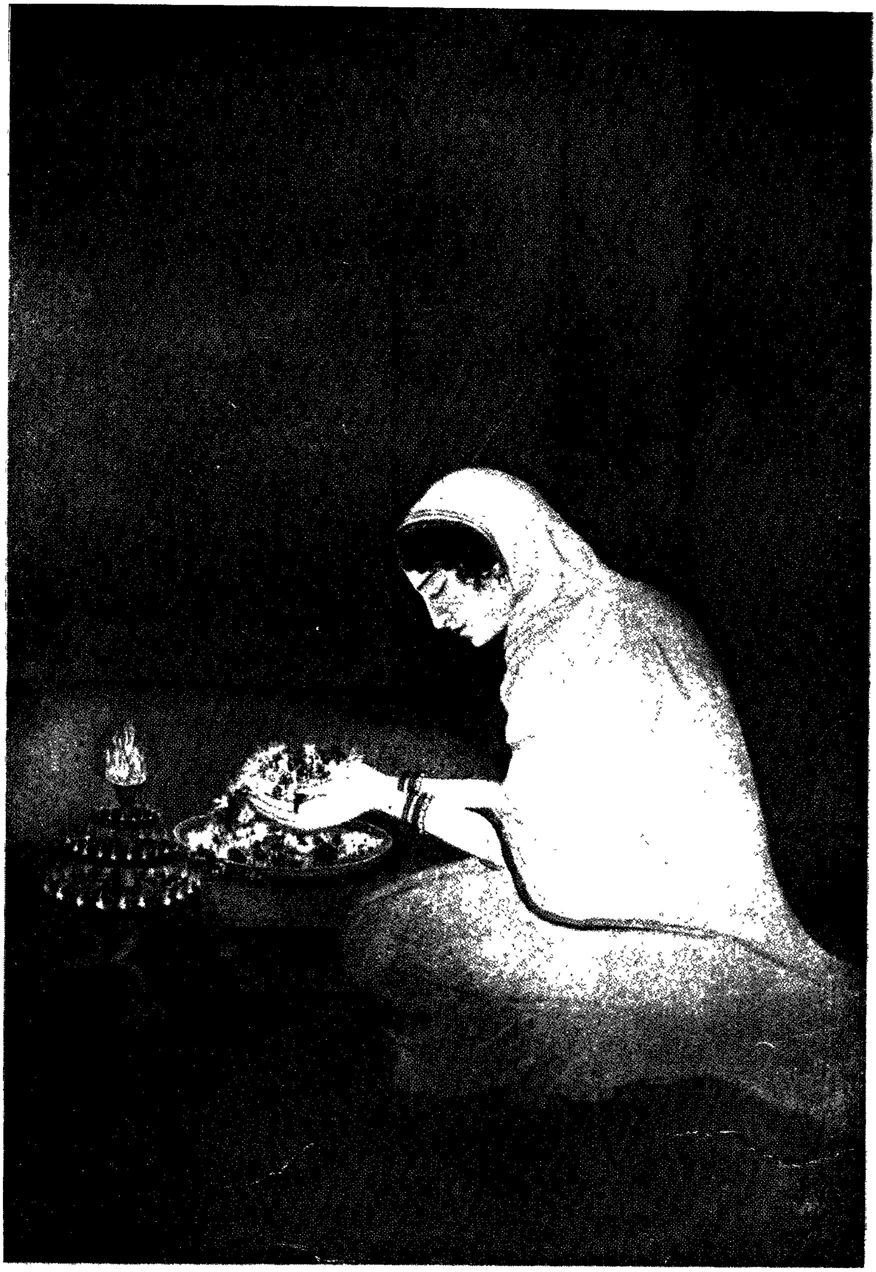

A HANDFUL OF FLOWERS

THE

INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE

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FESTIVAL NIGHT

WOMEN and men come hurrying from out
The lighted temple, and their thund'rous shout
Seems to assail the silence of the skies;
Street lamps are all lit and their gentle light
Plays on their faces and their joy-filled eyes.
Thy lamps are also lit high in the sky.
The young fair eyes are contemplative bright,
For they are surprised by the light they spy
In stranger eyes; some gently talk of Thee;
In the mere joy of life some laugh aloud;
And I am sitting on the wayside stone,
Beneath the stone-cut lamp-post all alone,
Yet with a joy in Thy infinity,
To seek if I could find Thee in the crowd.

—*Susi P. David*

THE CHARM OF KODAIKANAL

One of the finest hill-stations in India

NEARLY 7,000 feet above sea-level! How one's heart thrills to the height, as one climbs. The first feeling of coolness in the air, the first fresh scent of unburnt vegetation, the first glimpse of the hill-flowers and ferns, the first cry of the hill-birds, how they are anticipated by city-worn, plain-scorched holiday-seekers! The beautiful hill-station of Kodaikanal, which, as the hand-book about it by Col. Bowen tells us, is an off-shoot of the Western Ghats, well repays the visitor for his journey to it, and he thinks with gratitude of the pioneers who made this hot-weather resort accessible. The first survey work, we are told, was undertaken as early as 1821, and the first people to build there were American Missionaries; but the man who helped most to make Kodaikanal what it is now was Sir Vere Levinge, who retired from the Civil Service and settled in his favourite hill-station in 1867.

Rest, fresh air, coolness, change and congenial recreation, these are what the Kodaikanal hills can give in abundance. If you want beauty, look around you at the entrancing scenery, which makes you catch your breath with delight,—the wavy lines and ranges of hills spreading themselves in enchanting shades of blue and purple and grey. See their bare dimpled shoulders, their green and russet wooded *sholahs*, their undulating downs, the lacey mists now drawn across like filmy scarves, anon blown away by the breeze, revealing sometimes the lovely patch-work of sunny plains beneath, sometimes the shaded depths of mysterious valleys, sometimes the rugged grandeur of rising heights, intersected with white ribbons of roads, or studded with nestling buildings and gardens.

The observatory on *Nandingipuram* Hill is naturally a high point, and round it meander many roads and forest-walks. The *Presentation Convent* affords another vantage point. The *Goschen* road goes through shady pinewoods, and gives glimpses of splendid scenery. The *Pumbari* road leads over lovely downs, dips into nestling valleys, crosses burbling streams and courses through pretty scrub-jungle. The *Circular drive* passes up a steep hill and gives one of the finest views in the world of plains below. One can see well-known hills all round. There is Perumal (*big mountain*) which is 7329 feet above sea-level; standing conspicuous with its sugar-loaf contour; from it, views can be had, not only of the nearer towns of Periyakulam and Dindigul, but also of the hills of far-away Coimbatore. *Vandaravu* hill is the highest point in the Palni range. The second highest point is *Vembadi* Peak, about 8221 feet high. *Pillar Rocks* are a favourite picnic resort, three of them standing like sentinels, while inside is a cave, from which passage can be had through a tunnel-like chimney. The beautiful golf-links attract many people, as do the *Gundar* sholah, the *Bear* sholah, *Pambar* falls, *Fairy* falls, the *Silver* cascade, *Fort Hamilton*, etc. There are some pretty stretches of water. *Berigam* reservoir is a romantic spot; from it water is supplied to Periyakulam in the plains. *Kodaikanal lake* is a lovely resort nestling like a blue gem in the very midst of the town, placid, calm and inviting.

Everywhere is the green beauty of luxuriant vegetation, the tapering fir, the tall eucalyptus, the spiky pine, the feathery fern, all undulating, waving, sighing and soughing in the intermittent breezes. And the flowers, ah, the flowers! yellow and red and blue and white, how they tone in with the surroundings and how they make the heart sing for very love of the massed bloom, which, I think, comes nearest to the imagined beauty of Heaven. If you need quiet and rest, the vistas spread out

3 AUG 1935

RANI LAKSHMIBAI RAJWADE,
Chairwoman, Standing Committee of the A. I. W. C.

(*By courtesy of the Secy., A. I. W. C.*) (*See page 115*)

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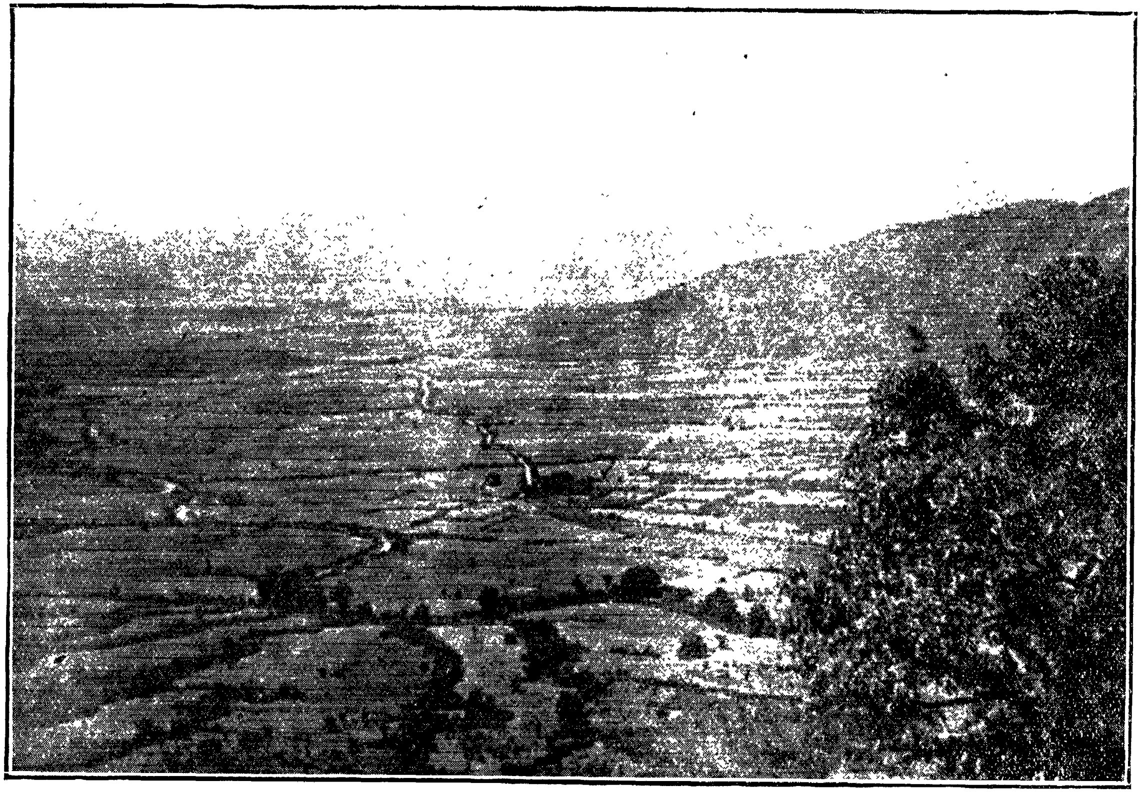
MADRAS



A BIRD'S-EYE OF KODAIKANAL,
showing the Periyar river.

[PHOTO BY A. J. PANDYAN]

before you, the woods are full of recesses wooing you to their depths, the air is exhilarating like wine. And, if you have a car at your disposal, lucky indeed are you!

Do you wish for society? There is plenty to be had. There is the English club; and interesting and amusing are the different varieties of people to be met there!

Besides the club, there are other institutions, which supply as much, amusement. And what entertainments and concerts, what musical recitals and pantomime skits all these provide, over which they must have taken endless trouble, judging by the perfection of the results! All thanks indeed to these kindly amateurs!

The beautiful and placid lake is studded with boats, private and those belonging to the Boat Club, plying to and fro, while pleasant voices and charming trills of laughter float about. What a medley of colours are there, looking like huge flowers on the limpid blue water. Most of these belong to the *sarees* of Indian women, and it is pleasant to notice how independent and brave many of them have become, punting and rowing with very little experience, yet with much enjoyment. Many are the Indian women too, going for long walks and excursions on their very own. The roads are full of figures hurrying about, some on picnics bent, some away on long walks, some just visiting or shopping, but all gay with smiles and importance. It is very interesting to notice the extraordinary mixture of garments adopted by some of the visitors, who do not seem to have yet evolved a proper hill costume for themselves or their children. One meets friends everywhere and thinks how small the world is. Beautiful to see are the crowds of children, slim, black-eyed Indian cherubs and bonny, pink-cheeked English *tots*. How well they look on the hills and how concerned are their mothers about them, not content to give them only a little time, but intent, in the midst of their own business, on taking them out for long walks and excursions. Very fine too are the dogs, dozens of species of which are about. Even *they* show the results of the change to the hills.

In the midst of all this gaiety, there is business also done. The Mayor of the town and his satellites are very busy, seeing successfully to the cleanliness and order of the place; the tax-gatherers run about, making visitors pay for their pleasures. There is the hospital, with not many patients, I hope, in this genial climate. There is the Baby Welfare centre, providing health and instruction to poor children and mothers. There are schools and educational institutions like the Sacred Heart College, the Presentation Convent and the High Clere School. There are workmen toiling at new roads and houses. Oh, be sure, plenty of people are busy with other things than the seeking of mere pleasure.

And withal, there are some drawbacks too. "The rain, it raineth every day," was the lament not so long ago; and even now many are the times when a pleasant game or excursion has been cut short by a relentless downpour. And the flies sometimes are a pest in the mornings. But too much sweetness cloys, as we know; and after all there is nothing like the hills for a much-needed change.

— *A Visitor.*

A NEW EXPERIMENT IN MADRAS

As one wanders in London through some of the dreariest and most squalid quarters, one is suddenly startled to come upon oases of peace, where trees give welcome shade, where flowers shine, and where children's voices ring out joyously. To enter into such a haunt is to leave one world for another. Outside is the roar of traffic, the blare of factories, the cries of children which somehow have a plaintive sound,— within is peace, though a busy ordered peace — for we have entered a Nursery School, where we are surrounded by enchanting tiny creatures of from 2—5 years old, dressed gaily in brightly-coloured school overalls.

In one part of the garden is the Nursery, a long building with one side that can be completely open to the air, but even so, the children are seldom inside except in wet weather. Out in the garden they are dotted about—here an earnest toddler making pies or castles in the sandpit, there an adventurous three-year old struggling up the jungle-gym ; under a tree, a devoted four-year old mother, washing and dressing her family of dolls. Two children play *catch*, one little girl is looking with loving delight at the plant she has tended with such care, which now at last has flowered. A group of bigger children are learning " Here we sing looby oo " in a corner, with a teacher.

What is the object of the children's garden into which we have strayed, what purpose does it serve ?

The incomparable value of children to a nation is now recognised, at least in theory, and these Nursery Schools — all too few in number — are an attempt to bring that value to perfection by the right conditions.

Maternity Hospitals and Infant Welfare Centres care with a fair degree of adequacy for the expectant mother and the baby ; the Elementary Schools take charge of five-year olds ; but until recent years there was a gap during those most important years, 2—5. That there is the means of filling it is due to the genius of Margaret Macmillan, who created the first Nursery School, and to her sister Rachel, who carried on the work in memory of Margaret after the elder sister's death.

In the homes of the well-to-do, it is recognised that children, like plants, need tending. They have their own room, where they lead their own life, unstrained by the unconscious effort to keep up with adult interests. Here their unfolding powers find material by which to develop ; here are laid the foundations of sound and healthy habits, in such a way that they become an inevitable part of life, so that the mind is freed from them in the liberty-giving manner of habits that have become automatic, thereby setting free the conscious mind for other work.

In the homes of the poor, no such special life for children is possible. They are exposed to all the anxieties of their elders ; very likely they witness all the details of the intricacies of human life which a right reticence makes private in homes where there is more space. The children's only play-ground is the street, with its perils of traffic, its dust and noise.

Where such conditions prevail, Sir Earnest Newman's figures can scarcely surprise us. He states that 80%—90% of children are healthy at birth, but by 5 years, 30%—40% have acquired physical defects which could have been prevented or cured. These are the figures for England, — what of India, where so much less is done to combat disease ?

In one area in England of those children entering an Elementary School, who had attended a Nursery School, only 5% were diseased or delicate, and in the Margaret Macmillan Nursery School, 80%—90% of the children entering at one time were rickety, but all were cured in one year. Such are the results of care during these years.

Of recent months, a group of people

representative of the Red-Cross the Women's Indian Association, the Y. W. C. A., schools and colleges, have been investigating the problem in Madras, and in quarters all over the city have found the need for the establishment of Nursery Schools.

A Committee has now been formed under the chairmanship of Mrs. Perfect (chairman, Red-Cross Society) and plans formed for the opening in August of what is hoped will be the first of a chain of Nursery Schools in Madras. This first one is to be in Vepery, in suitable accommodation kindly placed at the disposal of the Committee.

The scheme has the sympathy of the Red-Cross, who are giving a monthly grant; the Y. W. C. A. and other bodies are eager to give voluntary service—the services of a trained Kindergarten teacher and a Health Visitor have been secured, under the supervision of a lady with Nursery School experience,—but where are the rest of the funds to come from? Will the public of Madras, and your readers in particular, Indian ladies known to be concerned in the welfare of the children of our city,—make possible this experiment to save human wastage and help towards the raising up of a generation to come, healthy, self-controlled and intelligent?

Planned on the lines found to be effective in England, though adapted to Indian conditions, the Committee envisage a scheme as follows:—

On arrival, the 20 children, with whom the school is to start, will go off to the bathroom for their daily bath, in the ritual of which they learn useful habits and independence, for each has his own peg, which he can recognise by the picture above it, where hangs his towel, tooth-brush, comb, etc., and where he battles with the art of drying himself, cleaning his teeth, and the intricate work of buttoning his buttons! The Health Visitor exercises meanwhile a watchful unobtrusive supervision, on the look-out for the first signs that preventive medical care can note and act upon, thus saving future defect and disease. After this, a light meal, then a joyous rush for the garden where such activities as those already described take place. Here also are stories to listen to, picture books to develop the imagination, and handicrafts to give scope for that educative joy of childhood, achievement.

Preparations for the midday meal give opportunity for the inculcation of more health habits and also the spirit of service, for each in turn learns to help lay the meal and wait on the others. After the meal comes the long sleep, of which Sir Earnest Newman says "The midday rest is invaluable in lessening nervous strain due to noisy homes, motor traffic and late bed-time. Growth is a serious business and requires all the tranquillities."

Then more educative play before they troop off home.

This is something of the ideal the Madras Committee envisages. To quote Sir Earnest Newman again, "The Nursery School is a happy place, where nobody is straining young children to conform to standards suitable only for older individuals. The Nursery School teacher knows that little children are by nature active, and that only so can they be healthy and strong, both morally and physically. The development of the sense of wonder, the desire to find out and do small tasks by himself, the opportunities for sense training and the joy of games, singing and dancing form ideal conditions for creative work; and the child is busy with the greatest of creative tasks—he is making himself."

"But," says someone, "this takes away all responsibility from the mother, a most undesirable thing to do." In England, the mothers are not cut off from the children, but have free access to the School, and through the wise friendship of the teacher learn the aims underlying all that is done and the importance of the right nurture for little children. It is one of the joys of a district, where there is a Nursery School, for the parents to slip in, when they have

a few free minutes, to watch the lovely happiness of the children. It is found that the standards of hygiene and cleanliness go up in the homes of children at Nursery Schools and the pride taken in the children and their care improve. There are always clubs and classes for mothers associated with such a school and this forms an important part of the work. The opportunities for the training of students and school-girls in mothercraft is also invaluable.

In Madras also, it is proposed to have Mothers' Clubs as an integral part of the scheme, and, as there are to be small fees, the school will in no sense lessen parental responsibility, but educate and deepen it.

This is the scheme for which we appeal in confidence to your readers. The Honorary Secretary, Mrs. Boulton, East boro', San Thome, Madras, will be delighted to give further particulars. The Honorary Treasurer, W. M. Manson Esquire, Bonnington, Sterling Road, Nungumbakam, Madras, will be even more delighted to receive donations or, best of all, regular monthly subscribtions, however small (for which Bankers' order forms can be supplied, if required). This last will enable the Committee to count on a certain income.

If there is no response, the school cannot open. If there is a response, how gladly will the school welcome its friends at an "Open Day" perhaps in September, when this experiment in education and health and play can be seen in its inception!

—*A. C. B.*

FROM THE EDITOR'S TABLE

East and West

I SAW an interesting article lately in a paper, in which a short survey was made of what appeared to the Indian to be the salient characteristics of the Westerner. It has occurred to me that an opposite estimation also would be rather instructive. What does the Westerner think of the Easterner; or, coming closer to the point, how does the Englishman rate the Indian? But here comes a difficulty. Which type of Indian ought we to choose from the several varieties now available?

Now, the Indian who is made the best friend of by the ordinary Englishman, who is allowed most freely into clubs, who is invited most often to intimate teas, bridge parties, picnics and dinners, whose advice is most often sought and quoted, is the Anglicised man, who, with or without going to England, has been able to assimilate Western culture well into his bones as it were, but in an Anglicised manner, and who therefore obviously appreciates Western culture. Even such a one, however, is an Indian, however much he may cloak his ideas in Anglicised conventions. What does the Englishman think of such a one?

To begin with, I think, he will estimate him to be more sensitive than he ought to be. What is usually the natural brusqueness of the West, may yet appear to the East to be a gentle *push-away*, a mild affront, as it were. The Indian delves, with what seems an uncanny insight, into motives, and drags them into the light. To take an example, an Englishman may abruptly terminate an interview, with no other idea in his mind but that he has certain other business to attend to. But the Indian, who usually will rather let business wait than offend a friend, looks into the motive of the dismissal and thinks that

the Englishman does not set much store on friendship with himself, in spite of his momentary appreciation. The correctness or not of such a view depends of course on what the business is, but let that pass.

Again, an Englishman will sometimes find his Indian friend a little wanting in punctuality and in punctiliously keeping his appointments. Here again comes the question of the importance of the business for the Indian. To the Englishman, business is business of whatever degree it is and therefore time is valuable; to the Indian very often, "Time is only made for slaves."

If an Englishman goes to an Indian Club, he is rather taken aback by the bridge convention observed there; or rather by the absence of such. But he will find and feel a genuine welcome, an extraordinary courtesy, and a kindliness, which ought to induce a very happy feeling in him. There is none of the stiffness, the reserve, which usually obtains at first at an English club. An Indian co-worker again is very pleasant to get on with: for, if he is interested, he is usually full of a kindly zeal and a happy enthusiasm, which increases the attraction to others of the work. He will put forth his best capabilities, because he admires the principle of the work and the qualities of his companions. His impulsive ardour, his poetic fervour, his kindly philosophy, will be charming. But, unless he is really interested, the earnestness may soon wane, and the Englishman, feeling the want of warmth, will feel as if his friend has let him down. The point is, to get good work from an Indian, he must be really captivated by the principles of it; and then indeed will he work as hard as, if not better sometimes than, any good Englishman. He cannot completely immerse himself in what is to him an unattractive business, as an Englishman can.

The Indian is delicate and slender in the estimation of his perspective; the Englishman is sturdy and persistent. The Indian's sincerity can be apparent chiefly when it is originally sincere; not in every case where the sincerity is induced by the expectation to be sincere. In other words, the needs of business here again step in. The Indian is more earnest where he deeply feels; whereas, an Englishman will be earnest in everything he is given to do, whether it truly appeals to him or not. The Indian is also volatile and flexibly adaptable, while the Englishman is solidly steady and rather rigid. Both sides, therefore, can complement each other.

All this is very apparent when an Indian takes his holiday. In the first place, he seldom takes it, whereas the Englishman takes his in steady instalments; in the second place, he never gives himself up as completely to it as the Englishman does; and thereby he loses much of the advantages of the holiday, which chiefly ought to lie in complete recoupment and readjustment of used-up faculties. One can go on particularising in this manner; but details are not too necessary. The point to remember is that, though East is East and West is West, yet East *can* meet West, even in the matter of business, which indeed is a very good thing.

The All-India Women's Conference

We have just received from the Honorary Organising Secretary of the A. I. W. C., 9, Lower Rawdon St., Calcutta, the report of the last session of the All-India Women's Conference. From it, we can cull a short history of this valuable association for women. We are told that the idea of it originated from a speech of the Director of Public Instruction in Bengal, asking Indian women to speak up for themselves. An article on the speech was published in the *Stri Dharma* of Madras; and a circular letter to women was sent in 1926 by Mrs. Margaret Cousins, who, as Secretary to the Women's Indian Association of Madras, appealed to all women to hold conferences everywhere, in order that they might consolidate their views about education.

In response, twenty-two constituent conferences were held; and in accordance with a unanimous request, the first A. I. W. C., (All-India Women's Conference) meeting was held in 1927, under the Presidentship of H. H. The Maharani Gaekwar of Baroda. All the resolutions passed were concerned with the education of women, except one, which condemned child marriage.

In the second conference, held at Delhi in 1928, under the Presidentship of H. H. The Dowager Begum of Bhopal, a resolution was again passed asking for the restraining of early marriage; another requested the Government to allow women to be represented in the Central

Legislatures. An All-India fund for women's education was opened.

The third conference was held at Patna in 1929, with H.H. The Dowager Rani of Mandi as President. A separate section was created to work, on parallel lines with education, on social reform. Three sub-committees were formed to carry on the educational work by

(1) drafting a special syllabus for schools,

(2) the revising and writing of new text-books,

(3) enquiring into and improving the training of teachers.

The fourth conference was held in Bombay in 1930, with Mrs. Sarojini Naidu as President. A great deal of good work was reported to have been done through the support of the A. I. W. C., such as the passing of the Sarda Act, agitation about the laws of Inheritance for women, the opening of new girls' schools and Industrial schools for children of the depressed classes, adult education, prison visiting, relief to women travellers, child-welfare and maternity work, as well as work regarding women's labour. There had been communication established with outside institutions, such as the Berlin International Congress of women for suffrage and equal citizenship. A report had been made about a suitable curriculum for girls.

In the fifth conference, at Lahore in 1930, with Dr. Mathulakshmi Reddi as President, much progress was again reported. There were now thirty-three constituencies, and more schools, hospitals and centres for adult education. "The women's day" had also been inaugurated on the 1st of March. Besides encouraging the work in the directions already indicated, something was being done in Baroda about new divorce laws for Hindus; and the question of untouchability was being agitated in Madras. It was pleasant to note that all this work was beginning to show results in a better appreciation by the public of the privileges due to women.

The sixth conference was held in 1932 in Madras, with Mrs. P. K. Ray as President. It was felt that, though party politics could not be dealt with, something must be done to show the necessary interest of women in politics in its best sense. A meeting was held at Bombay with Mrs. S. Naidu as President, in which a Memorandum was put forward, by the A. I. W. C., the Women's Indian-Association, and the National Council of Women in India, which was to be submitted to the Franchise sub-committee of the Round Table Conference. The privilege of women to be on equal terms with men was reiterated. A deputation of women waited on the Viceroy, requesting that women should be represented in the Round Table Conference. Besides this, the social reform section, as well as the education side, were kept very busy.

In the seventh conference, held in 1933 at Lucknow, under the Presidentship of Lady Ramanbai Neelkanth, the share taken by women in constitutional questions was kept in the fore ground, as a result of which protests were made against the communal award. The social section represented that some important work had been done, especially in the cause of home industries, as well as in the successful contesting with men for seats in Municipal Corporations and University Senates. In 1932, the Lady Irwin College for women had been opened at Delhi, speaking much for the real practical ideals, which underlay the zeal and enthusiasm of Indian women for the reform of their country.

The eighth conference was held at Calcutta, in 1934, with Lady Abdul Qadir as President. Since the representation for women's share in politics had failed, as seen by the publication of the White Paper, a new Memorandum was prepared and submitted to the Joint Parliamentary Committee of the British Parliament. As a result of that, three elected members from the A. I. W. C., the National Council of Women, and the Women's Indian Association, were invited to give evidence in London. In their representation, these delegates stood firmly for the equal status of women with men, and against communal and special representation. Contact was also established with women's organisations of foreign countries.

In the ninth conference, held at Karachi early this year, under the Presidentship of Mrs. Rustomji Faridoonji, much progress was reported. Reiteration of the demands of women for equal franchise and status had been made before the Select Committees and the Government of India: and disappointment had been registered with regard to the provisions of the Joint Parliamentary Committee's report

3 AUG 1935

MRS. RUSTOMJI FARIDOONJI,
President, A. I. W. C. 1934–35.

(By courtesy of the Secy., A. I. W. C.)

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MADRAS

DR. MAUDE ROYDEN — MRS. HOMI MEHTA, *Chairwoman, Reception Committee of the A. I. W. C.* — MRS. CORBETT ASHBY

(By courtesy of the Secy., A. I. W. C.)

in connection with this all-important question.

Rajkumari Amrit Kaur had been appointed liaison officer to establish contact with foreign countries, and co-operate with Mrs. Lankester from the other side. Some problems of women's labour had been tackled, such as maternity and child welfare, labour in mines, labour in factories. Funds had been collected to help in the relief of Bihar. The All-India Women's day on the 24th November 1934 had been a great success. A manifesto had been issued with regard to elections for the Assembly. Funds had been raised by several constituencies to send pupils to the Lady Irwin College; Mysore was working out a plan for village education, and a five-year scheme for the removal of 50 per cent of illiteracy was being considered. Adult education classes and schools, with special teachers and hostels, had been started in various places. Compulsory primary education, co-education at certain stages and mass education, were being worked for. Rescue homes and the prevention of immoral traffic in women and children, were being advocated in Mysore, Calcutta, Punjab and other places. Rural uplift was being carried on, a result of which was the All-India Village Industries Association. Efforts were being made to popularise the Sarda Act. Other items of interest were: disapproval of polygamy, instruction in birth-control, temperance work, slum work, relief of lepers, censorship of films and film posters, restriction of the sale of opium, the training of nurses and *Dais* and help to beggars.

Many resolutions were passed at the conference, regarding the problems mentioned. It was thought advisable to from a debating society in each constituency, as a training ground. The co-operation of parents and guardians with teachers was specially asked for. And an appeal was made that, all over India, individual, sectarian and class differences should be sunk for "the common-good and moral regeneration of our beloved land."

As the President said in her address:

"Belonging as I do to the past generation, the awakening of Indian women and the progress of the movement have far exceeded expectations. As one of the earliest living workers, I feel proud that the dormant spirit of ages should have been deeply stirred, that we should be utilising powers, which have been hibernating for centuries, that we should have made our sisters think that it was their birthright to serve the country, and take an equal share with their husbands, fathers and brothers in efforts to improve general conditions. This is an achievement we might well be proud of. We have made women take keen interest in life; we have made them realise that they are not vegetable matter, or animal life, but that, as human beings they are part and parcel of that higher life which has something to contribute to the welfare of humanity.

I beg of every woman here to take a vow that she will devote some little time every day, or even once a week, to the service of the country. Steady, regular work is our greatest need. We can only advance in the proportion that we serve. Without service there will be no advance in social conditions. If every educated woman will give even a little service, we shall have some work done at the end of the year — I mean service in the larger and wider term.

The time has come for us to take our God-granted position in society and, as citizens of this great land, share equally with men in welfare work. We must enter the Legislatures and help to make laws for bringing a greater humanitarian ideal into the world. We women have an advantage over men; we have started with an all-India consciousness. Do not allow ourselves to get into grooves or provincialism, but always have a wider out-look."

We wish all success to the A. I. W. C., in every part of its arduous and noble work.

Lady Vidyabehan Ramanbai Neelkanth

"Lady Vidyabehan has justified in person the demand of women to equality with men, as she educated herself even after marriage and was the first lady graduate of the University from Gujarat. Her social work is not an eye-wash, as she is connected with almost all the social service of her province."

These words spoken by Dr. Reddi at the All-India Women's Conference, held at Lucknow, in the year 1933, give an appropriate and real idea of the social work undertaken by Lady Vidyabehan, at the sacrifice of health and wealth.

Lady Vidyabehan, after the death of Sir Ramanbhai, her husband, lives the life of a widow, following the footsteps of her husband, doing work of public service.

She is the Vice-President of the Ahmedabad Municipality, the President of the Ahmedabad Municipal School Board Committee, the Honorary Secretary to the Gujarat Vernacular Society, the Honorary Secretary to The Anath Ashram, The Treasurer and Secretary to the Gujarat Ladies' Club, and she is connected with the various other institutions as member, treasurer, secretary and president. Her solution of complex problems discussed at the meetings of the above-mentioned institutions are sometimes so accurate, so wisely thought of and meditated over, that many times persons opposing a proposal favour the same, after some words from her.

The question of untouchability is one of world-wide interest today; but even before the movement was started, in the family of Lady Vidyabehan, the word and action of untouchability was quite out of practice. She not only teaches Harijan boys without any difference of caste, but they are also treated and looked after as the members of her own family.

In simplicity, Lady Vidyabehan is great. She puts on white khaddar. She does not wear jewels. She does not even wear a wrist-watch, nor does she write out her list of engagements on blocks, according to the fashion of the day; but she keeps everything in her memory and is very punctual at all functions.

Lady Vidyabehan is full of so many merits that they can make a full volume. I am not exaggerating if I say that she is an ideal to be followed by Indian women.

We are now celebrating her Diamond Jubilee. May God bless her with long life! May He give her inspiration to do more work for the public benefit.

—Devadatta I. Tripathi.

The Late Dr. Motibai Kapadia, F.R.C.S.

THE reader has to carry herself to a period nearly two generations back, when people were not so advanced as now. In the year 1887, a philanthropic gentleman of Ahmedabad, Rao Bahadur Ranchodlal Chotalal, conceived the idea of establishing a Women's Hospital in Ahmedabad. The appalling mortality of women in childbed and the heavy death-rate among children, due to neglect at the most critical time of the life of their mothers, moved this gentleman to do all he could to improve the state of affairs. He built a hospital and called it the Victoria Jubilee Hospital. He endowed it very handsomly and appointed a lady doctor in charge. In those days, lady doctors were not easily available. Dr. Motibai R. Kapadia of Bombay was selected

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LADY VIDYABEHAN RAMANBAI NEELKANTH.
whose *Diamond Jubilee* was celebrated in
July 1935.

MISS TERESA d'SOUZA, M.A., winner of the Mrs. S. M. Syed Muhamed Cup in the First Mangalore Ladies' Club Badminton tournament, which ended on 29th May, '35.

The late DR. MOTIBAI KAPADIA, F. R. C. S.

See page 118.

MRS. H. P. P. RODRIGUES, B.A., L.T., winner of the Mrs. P. Siddamma Cup, in the First Mangalore Ladies' Club Tenniquoit tournament, which ended on 29th May, '35.

for the post in 1889. Thus began the career of this timid young lady in a strange city. As time went on, Miss Kapadia proved herself of very useful help to the suffering women of Ahmedabad. She put her soul into the work, and the hospital became a very popular one in and about the city. It was very uphill work then to persuade women to take adventage of medical help and still more difficult to persuade them to go into a hospital. Women naturally objected to men doctors. There were indigenous *Dais* ready to be engaged by all families rich and poor, educated and uneducated. The dais were cheap, they made no fuss about cleanliness or diet and so were very much in vogue. To free women from the dangerous grip of these ignorant people was a task baffling in the extreme. But Doctor Motibai Kapadia with her great tact and kind disposition won the hearts of all who came in contact with her; and today there are hundreds of families in Ahmedabad, where her name is a household word and is remembered with unbounded gratitude. Hindus, Mahomedans and Parsis equally loved her and when death removed her from active life in 1930 their grief was remarkable. Dr. Kapadia worked for 40 years with zeal and conscientiousness. Single-handed she bore the burden of a great hospital and from morning to evening knew no rest. Ever smiling, ever hopeful, her presence at the most difficult and abnormal case brought a message of hope to the patient and her relatives. Though she possessed rich patients, her chief care was for the very poor and she did not spare herself any exertion for their sake. The hospital, to which she was attached, is still known in Ahmedabad and Gujarat as Dr. Motibai's hospital. Such work brought to her many ideas of uplift for women-folk. She started associations for their welfare and education. Many institutions in Ahmedabad received help at her hands. Making Ahmedabad her home, she built at her own expense a beautiful Hall for the use of women. Though a Parsi by birth and religion, she had innumerable friends and admirers among Hindus. She came to Ahmedabad at a time when her personality proved to be a really useful one and her presence a great boon. The city of Ahmedabad will never forget such a great friend to humanity. Several memorials were raised in her name. May her soul rest in peace!

—*Lady R. Nilkanth*

THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION AND DRINK

WE are all aware of the fact that our non-Christian friends in India often think that the Christian religion and drink go together. We must sadly admit that there has been some reason for them to think so.

In this article, I wish to say that our Holy Bible does not sanction drink. On the other hand, it forbids it and shows the evil effects of indulgence in it. It must be remembered that "wine" is used in the Bible for ten different kinds of wine, all products from the fresh juice of grapes. If the translators had been careful and differentiated between fermented and unfermented wines, there would have been no doubt in the mind of any one, as to where the Bible stands in this respect.

The first time we read of wine in the Bible is in connection with Noah, the result of which was sin, shame and curses. If we took up every instance after this, we shall find that, wherever the use of intoxicating drink is mentioned, sin and disaster follow in its wake.

Solomon, the wise king, says: "Wine

is a mocker, strong drink is raging and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise;" and "Who hath woe? who hath sorrow? who hath contentions? who hath babbling? who hath wounds without cause? who hath redness of eyes? They that tarry long at the wine, they that go to seek mixed wine. Look not then upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his colour in the cup, when it moveth itself aright. At the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder." Then, comes his advice to his son—"It is not for kings, O son, it is not for kings to drink wine, nor for princes strong drink. Lest they drink and forget the law and pervert judgement of any of the afflicted."

We know that the first effect that wine has on the body is to touch the brain, the most delicate part of our anatomy. It often makes those, who use it, say and do things of which they are ashamed later. It makes them lose control of themselves for the time being. That is the reason why Solomon advises his son to keep away from it. We all pity the insane and not one of us wishes to have that calamity to come to us and yet some people like to take and defend the thing which robs us of our fine sense of judgment and act and talk unseemingly.

In the new Testament, I shall take up the three instances, which are often quoted by those who like more or less to indulge in the use of wine:—(1) Our Lord's first miracle was turning water into wine at a wedding feast at Cana. The wine which our Lord made was delicious and the people drank freely. The whole crowd should have been mad with intoxication, had it been fermented wine, but the words which end this narrative prove that it was not so. They are, "This beginning of miracles did Jesus in Cana of Gelilee and manifested forth His glory: and His disciples believed on Him." Is it conceivable that Christ's glory can be manifested by getting a crowd drunk? It was unfermented wine, pure juice of grapes which the Lord made.

(2) At the last supper, the Lord instituted the Holy communion and asked His disciples to observe it often to commemorate His death. He used unleavened bread and unfermented wine as symbols of His broken body and shed blood. It is a pity that in some churches leavened bread and fermented wine are used, but we are glad this practice is gradually disappearing, yielding place to unleavened bread and unfermented wine, for such were the elements used by the master. The proof is that the occasion was the feast of the Passover when for a whole week no leaven or fermented substance of any kind was found anywhere, not even *near* dwellings.

(3) Paul's advice to Timothy "Use a little wine for thy stomach's sake and thy infirmities." That was for medicinal use and not for regular use. We are glad that doctors are making less and less use of it.

Then Paul gives a list of those, who will not enter heaven and drunkards are included in it.

There is much more that might be quoted from the Bible but this is enough to prove that the Christian religion does *not* sanction the use of intoxicants. On the other hand, it teaches us that our bodies are the temples of the living God. 'Know ye not that ye are the temple of God and that the spirit of God dwelleth in you? If any man defile the temple of God, him shall God destroy, for the temple of God is holy, which temple ye are.'

Those of us, who are Christians, should beware that we do not belie His teachings through our lives. It is our privilege to prove to the world that our bodies are consecrated for the Lord to dwell in us and to be used and spent in His service, making our homes, our country and the world brighter and better.

—*Satyavati S. Chitambar.*

DELIVERANCE OR SUICIDE?

(A STORY)

THE one and the only luxury, in which my hero could safely indulge, since the days of his boyhood, was a long airy walk in the hour of eventide. His home stood on a river bank and in the evenings he would walk on with the river, until she met and joined the sea. It was nearly a two miles' walk and he enjoyed it thoroughly. To his poetic fancy, the river was himself and the sea his mother, and in the place of their confluence, he would squat down for a length of time, styling himself "At his mother's feet."

He was an artist by nature and by profession, and all nature was to him his kin. The murmuring of the river and the roaring of the sea waves were to him the conversation between himself and his mother. He could clearly distinguish the very words of the message and, engrossed in it, he would sit on for hours, forgetful of himself and his surroundings. It is a well-known and acknowledged fact that the goddess of fortune rarely smiles on those that take up art. Perhaps, she is jealous, or it may be she feels that what they have is enough wealth and that what she can contribute is very little. Anyway, my hero was no exception to the rule. Living on one meal a day was to him an almost usual occurrence. But his was not a nature to feel misery over such things. All misery to him vanished in his art and in his *mother*.

On a fine day, his fancy took him on a different route in one of his evening walks. Walking on in an aimless languid way, he espied at a distance a group of ragged urchins playing a courtry game in the open. But the sight that chiefly arrested his attention was that of a boy sitting on one side of the roadway away from the boys. His face was turned to the group of players and he seemed to be absorbed in the play. "Who is this young philosopher," thought my hero to himself, "who can find more pleasure in being a spectator than an actor! Perhaps, like me, he too lacks the heart to join others." Thus musing, he neared the boy and clapped his hands to arrest his attention. The child turned not, his senses being wholly focussed on the play perhaps. The artist touched the boy's head with his hands. Startled, the boy wheeled round and the sight that met his eyes made the artist's heart stand still. In a sweet angelic face were a pair of sightless eyes upturned to him. Stooping low, the artist asked the boy his name and parentage. The boy answered not. Can he be dumb too, he wondered. He repeated his question in a louder tone and this time it had its effect. The boy heard, gave his name and added that he was an orphan child living on charity. "Deaf and blind too! oh God, why hast thou denied to this poor child two of thy most precious gifts!"—the cry went out from the heart of the artist. Searching in his pockets, he drew out a few copper coins — his whole wealth—divided it into two halves with a sad smile and handed over one share to the child. For the first time in his life, he felt miserable over his poverty-stricken condition, as it debarred him from giving the child something more than the pittance he could afford. He went on his way with a heavy heart to his *mother*, there to pour out to her, perhaps, all the sad woe that had met his eye.

Thenceforth, it became a daily habit with him to pay a visit to his boy friend in the evening. The boy too eagerly longed for this event in his routine. Used as he was to the scoffs and rebuffs that he met with in his begging life, this kindness and sympathy, this stretching forth of the hand of equality from one so superior to him in his conception, was a unique revelation. The artist was to him a tender parent, a

beloved friend and a god to worship. Deaf though he was to the noise of the rest of the world, it was strange that he could make out the steps of his patron. Turning his sightless face to the place from whence they came, he would be waiting eagerly, with every sign of emotion plainly visible in his countenance. It was a sight which often gave the artist a thrill of pleasure coupled with something of pain. Sometimes, he would take the boy away with him to the sea-shore and sit and chat with him for hours. Often had the thought crossed him that he would like the boy to be with him always. Two things stood in the way of his taking the boy to his home. First, he was too poor to afford him proper maintenance. Secondly, he was not one, who could stay on at a place for many days together. The spirit of the wanderer entered into him at times and taking up his easel and canvas he would drift on and on, until he came to some spot where nature revealed herself to him in all her fulness of charm. There he would stop entranced as it were and in moments of such inspiration take down in picturesque detail the scenery that met his eye. His love for his art and its products were like a mother's love for her offspring and it was always with a heavy heart that, when the pinch of poverty and hunger got too much for him, he would decide to hand over a picture to the dealer. And with the pittance he would get as remuneration, he would live on for some days. Such being the simple life he led, how could he take the poor blind boy under his patronage and care ?

Once the idea came to him that he would like the boy as a model for one of his pictures. He acted on it. Taking the child to his studio, he made him sit on a low stool with hands clasped and with his sightless innocent face a bit uplifted to heaven, as if in mute prayer to the Lord of all creation. The picture thus drawn was life-like in every detail. The beauty and pathos of the face were such as would draw out emotion from all who could boast of having a heart. The artist himself was unbounded in his admiration over the fruit of his labours. " If a pair of wings too could be added, this would have been an angel from heaven," he muttered to himself. His dire poverty restricted him from keeping the picture to himself, much as he longed to do so. Tucking the precious thing under his arm, he walked on. This picture — his master-piece — would surely bring him a nice round sum, he thought, and half of the same belonged to the boy with whose help it had been produced. He would buy him some new clothes, the artist continued in his thoughts, and ask him to discard his beggarly clothing. Dreaming on thus, he entered the dealer's. He unfolded his treasure, with something of awe and reverence and handed it to the rough, uncouth, barbarous-looking man before him, who took it in a most condescending manner, as if it was something beneath his notice. The rough indelicate way with which the dealer handled the picture was to the finely-nurtured delicate sentiment of the sensitive man before him something akin to desecration. What then was it, when the dealer in his gruff voice blurted out—" pooh, man, cannot you find a better model for your picture ? A blind beggar boy ! Who can find any charm in him ? If I can sell the picture, I shall give you something."

Enter into the heart of my hero if you can, for his feelings at this juncture go beyond explanation. The fact that hurt him most was the brutal way in which his picture was spoken of. His feelings on this point were such as a fond mother would have felt when she saw her precious darling roughly handled by a stranger. All the delicate machinery with which he had woven his castle in the air on his way, was crushed beneath the heels of the dealer's heartless words ! And the broken pieces seem to pierce deep into his heart and leave it bleeding and lacerated ! Blind with his over-mastering emotions, he walked on all unconscious, his steps mechanically taking him to his boy-friend. From

a little distance he could see the boy lying flat on the road-side instead of sitting up, as was his wont. This unusual occurence rather startled the man from his reverie and made him hurry his steps. In the anxiety he felt for the child, he forgot his own sense of sorrow. The scene that met his eye was such as added fuel to the already burning fire of his heart. His boy lay almost in a faint, his legs bruised and bloody. The artist seated himself beside him and took his head into his lap. The boy, roused at the touch of a familiar hand, attempted a feeble smile through his tears, like a peeping gleam of sunshine beneath a clouded sky. The artist asked him how he had come into this sad condition; and he was told that, while crossing the road a few hours back, a cycle had come up from behind and run over him before he was aware of it. The man had tossed a rupee to him and, seemingly satisfied with his generosity, had continued on his way. It was not tears but hot blood that trickled from the eyes of the hearer, while the boy narrated this incident, interrupted by moaning. For a time the artist sat silent, and then he seemed to be listening to someone invisible. A smile of joy illumined his countenance. Perhaps in his vision he saw in his *mother's* lap the abode of peace and deathlessness.

All on a sudden he took the moaning boy tenderly in his arms and walked on to his favourite place by the seaside. Standing there with his precious burden, he cried out:—

" Mother! I have come in response to your call. You who have always taken me to realms ethereal, whenever I've come to you, take me now into it for ever. May my breath commingle with the air of your breath and may I, thy child, be clasped to your bosom, oh eternal mother of mine!"

And then a splash where the river joined the sea!

M. P. Seetavathi Amma.

OUR SERIAL STORY

King Systos the Mighty

By HERBERT PORTER

CHAPTER VII

Didus and Ceska of Aria

IN a land called Aria, in a pleasant city, far famed for its wealth of natural scenery, its delightful foliage and happy situation, lived a great and learned scholar named Didus. Much was the accomplished man appraised by all, and his fame had spread through many lands. For philosophy and mathematics, none could compare with him. He had named and classified almost all the growing sciences which were known to men, and upon literature he was no mean authority.

Over and above these exceptional gifts, he had a glorious faculty for imparting knowledge; and incidentally I might add that he was the owner of a heart, which was of course a very romantic and abnormally physiological thing for any man to possess. It meant, however, in the case of Didus, that Nature had made a very great genius, by adding to an extraordinarily acute intellect, a deeply human heart.

Now Didus had a daughter, whose name was Ceska, and these twain lived happily together, for Ceska had inherited her father's love of learning, and Didus had bestowed on her not only his own portion of filial affection, but that also due from the mother who, beautiful in her weakness, had died shortly after Ceska was born.

In a delightful garden of southern romance,

stood the artistic little edifice wherein these two lived. Flowers and foliage were in abundance everywhere, and palms and pleasant plants and shrubs grew in happy profusion, and this veritable Eden stretched down to a glittering and dancing sea, upon whose lovely shores and waters Ceska had spent so many glorious and perfect days of her childhood. There, sweet dreams of loveliness, and the first faint unfathomable glimmers of the haunting lights of beauty and truth had entered her serene soul. Upon nature and books, her happy child-mind had been fed, and later, to all the universal problems which presented themselves to the dawning greatness of an artistic mind, the genius of Didus had had an ever-ready and lofty answer.

Thus had she grown and been nurtured, in the innocent atmosphere of a well-nigh perfect home, and she now stood upon the threshold of glorious womanhood.

For years no exciting events had happened in the life and routine of these two happy beings. No disturbing element had crept in to cause them anxiety, or to bring about any great fluctuation in feeling on the part of either. Life, to them, had been a serene and placid river of days, that flowed steadily on into the calm sea of years.

One day, however, a messenger called upon Didus, saying that he had been sent thither by Alestes, the good Queen of the Menelos, to command Didus to attend at the Royal Palace, in order to discuss with her the offer of the post of private tutor to Meredes, the young Prince. When Ceska received the news she was greatly overjoyed, thinking of the great honour conferred upon her father by this royal command.

Didus, however, was troubled in mind for, though he possessed great learning, he was not versed in the manners and customs of court life. To a man such as he, of quiet and meditative habits, to be suddenly cast into the midst of the many pomps and vanities of a court like that of Systos, was indeed no strong incentive to joy, even though it conferred upon him much dignity and honour.

After seriously discussing the matter with Ceska, he decided to sail at once in the *trireme* in which the Queen's messenger had sailed thither. Therefore, after the equipage necessary to such a dignified journey had been packed together, the three hastened through the sweet-scented garden on to the shining shore, where stood the small boat, wherein the messenger had rowed ashore from the trireme. Into this small boat he and Didus stepped, and soon they reached the larger boat which was then quickly rowed away over the silver sea, to the land of the Menelos.

For a long time Ceska stood waving her tiny hand to her father, and, when he could no longer be seen, she still stood gazing after the vanishing ship, and, in the bright sunshine of that cloudless day, she wondered if ever she would meet the high and wonderful Prince, for whom her father would probably be a tutor for some years.

CHAPTER VIII

A STORM AND AN INTERVIEW

For many hours the trireme which bore Didus rode merrily over the calm, blue waters of the southern sea, that stretches from shore to shore between Aria and the land of the Menelos. Long stood the scholar Didus, gazing calmly upon the peaceful majesty of the apparently infinite sea, which looked in the glittering sunshine totally incapable of wrath and treachery. Thus does Nature oft-times deceive us, for, during our happy ecstasies in praise of her incomparable radiance and beauty when she is lovely and kind, we forget her awesome and tyrannical power, when she is angry and cruel.

After some hours, he caught sight of a tiny speck of black cloud away on the far line where the sky and sea seemed to meet. With startling suddenness, a storm swept across the sky, and, breaking in the fullness of its fury, hurled itself mercilessly at the frail and solitary ship which sailed that southern sea. In the midst of the tempest, the rowers were hurled bodily from their seats by the overpowering elements, and most of the oars were swept away or broken by the rude and furious sea. Then was the little ship almost entirely at the mercy of the raging billows, that cast it hither and thither like a cork upon their heaving and sinking waters. For hours it was tossed thus, until suddenly, and without warning, the sound of cracking timbers startled the ears of the little crew, and the boat split in two pieces. Most of the wreckage did not

survive even the next billow, but was immediately engulfed.

All the men, save Didus, sank in the angry sea. It seemed that he, being such an illustrious genius, was specially preserved by the Fates from drowning, for suddenly he was lifted bodily by a huge wave and cast upon the sole piece of wreckage which seemed to remain afloat. Unto this tossing piece of flotsam, the philosopher clung during the dark, awful hours of the night, and, as daylight dawned, the storm began to lose its fury, and the big blazing sun leapt up again, like a giant in his strength, shooting bright beams of light across the sea. Gradually the waters subsided, and, by noon, Didus again found himself upon a comparatively calm sea, wondering what would next befall him in his perilous plight.

As he sat there, meditating, there came floating hazily through his mind, the lines of a song which he had known from youth :

From shore to shore it stretches,
Mighty ocean,
Imperious, majestic,
Wreckful ocean :
Storm and tempest whirl and lash it,
Death and fury hurl and dash it
At man's torrent-battered bark ;
And each billow, black and roaring,
Like a cataract down-pouring,
Falls, with thunder, thro' the dark.

From shore to shore it stretches,
Magic ocean,
Blue, beautiful, transcendent,
Tranquil ocean ;
Light and pleasure linger on it,
Calm their fingers lie upon it
When the storm hath passed away ;
And the sunset and the morning,
Lend it glory past adorning,
On proud summer's breathless day.

Evening was again falling, and Didus was beginning to despair, as he contemplated another night on the cold sea without any protection from the bitter winds ; but a strong hope sprang up within him as he espied in the distance a tiny black speck which seemed to be sailing towards him. Onward it came, nearer and nearer, until he was able to distinguish another trireme, similar to the one in which he had been wrecked. Frantically did Didus wave his arms, and his shouts were carried to the ears of the rowers, who, turning themselves about, soon discovered that he was in need of help. By slow and careful movements, the trireme was rowed alongside the wreckage, and Didus, fastening about his body the rope which had been cast to him, was quickly hauled into safety.

He then told them how the storm had broken up the ship on which he had been sailing for the land of the Menelos, and how his brave companions had all been drowned. When he had finished his story he fell asleep, being thoroughly exhausted, and was soon dreaming about tossing ships and dreadful storms and raging seas. When Didus awoke, he discovered that he had been carried into the most comfortable place of rest which the trireme afforded. He looked about him, and saw a pair of kind eyes watching him, and, as his senses fully returned, he discerned the sympathetic face and perfect figure of a lady of most distinguished appearance and refinement.

Didus was perplexed, and began to wonder who this prepossessing person could be. His wonderment was soon terminated, however, for the lady, on perceiving that he had fully awakened from his heavy slumber, walked over to the couch upon which he reclined, and in a kindly voice asked :

" Art thou the worse for the dangerous experience of being wrecked, O philosopher ?"

" Nay, madam, I am none the worse for that, but I should be the better for knowing to whom I am debtor for the saving of my life," replied Didus.

" Thou art not debtor to thy benefactress, for I am she that caused thee to come so near to death. Therefore, when I saw the storm raging and guessed that thou wouldst accompany my messenger, I did order this ship to be in readiness, and, as the storm began slightly to abate, I did brave the elements to save thee and them that were with thee in distress. Thee I have found, but they, alas! are no more."

When Didus heard these words, and perceived that this was none other than the Queen, he was amazed, for he had anticipated that their meeting would be full of stiff conventionality. But, attended neither by con-

descension on the part of the Queen, nor adulation on the part of the philosopher, he had found Alestes to be both a brave Queen and a delightful lady.

By this time, the galley had almost reached its destination, and was being rowed swiftly up one of the southern canals to the City of Art. For a while neither the Queen nor Didus spoke.

Then, as the ship came to a standstill at a landing-place which lay nearest to the royal palace, her Majesty, assisted by a court official, and followed by Didus, stepped on to land. Slowly they wended their way towards the palace, speaking chiefly upon the many fascinations of the city. Gradually, however, the conversation turned upon deeper subjects, and, ere they had reached the palace, Didus had waxed into eloquent raptures upon all the more important sciences and philosophies then known to the world. With enthralled interest, the Queen listened to this wonderful man, and, cultured and learned as she was, could not disguise her admiration for the calm oratory and delightful learning displayed by one whose acquaintance she had made in such peculiar circumstances.

She admired him, not for his learning alone, or for the dogged disposition and stern renunciation of the pleasures and attractions of the world, but also for the fineness of his nature and feelings, which, through years of patient labour and training, had been brought to the acme of excellence.

When they reached the palace, Didus lapsed into an awed silence, for he was greatly affected by the magnificence of that marvellous piece of architecture. His reserve quickly passed away, however, as he followed her Majesty into a small private dining-room, where a meal was laid in readiness. As they sat to partake of the food, they simultaneously began to discuss that very important question—the higher education of the young Prince Meredes.

"Hath the Prince any delight in learning?" asked Didus.

"He hath a great leaning to serious thought," replied the Queen, but it remains for thy genius to awake in him the true love of learning."

"That may be an impossible task," said Didus, somewhat bluntly; "for the true love of learning is an instinct of the soul, your Majesty, which, not being presented by Nature, cannot be supplied by any external influence."

"Aye, but I am sure the Prince will come to love learning like a philosopher," said the Queen; "and, of late, I have observed that he is becoming more deeply engrossed in lonely meditations and studies."

"Excellent!" remarked Didus. "He learns well, who thinks to apply himself well; and studies of Nature, Humanity and Philosophy develop a keen intellect."

"A strong intellect is the glory of a man, but the curse of a woman, and especially so, if the woman's is superior," the Queen remarked somewhat dryly, thinking of her husband.

"Aye, 'tis often so," said Didus, "for thought is made the slave of circumstance, and mankind, the slave of both. Long custom grows trite and spiritless, and mental grooves destroy the mind's fresh springs. Yet, speaking generally, Nature gives to man the stronger and deeper intelligence, and to woman the greater capacity for the finer things of life; and therefore, when a man and woman are joined in happy matrimony, if they strive together, they perfect each other, and thus is mortal life brought to its truest heights."

"Thou speakest with the insight of a woman and the thought of a man," smilingly observed the Queen. "Such a tutor as thou art would indeed put knowledge into the dullest wits. But I can vouch to thee that the Prince will prove himself a worthy subject for thy attention. Wilt thou, O Didus, undertake the tutorship of Meredes? Thou shalt be well remunerated for thy services, if thou wilt, and, if a Queen's gratefulness be aught to thee, thou shalt have that too."

"Your Majesty, I will undertake to train the young Prince Meredes as far as lies in my power. My labour will I give freely, and I desire no recompense but the intellectual advancement of the Prince. I have, however, one stipulation to make, which is, that your Majesty graciously allows the Prince to study and receive instruction at my home in Aria.

My daughter, Ceska, and myself have lived together for many years in a world of quiet study and advancement, and, therefore, your Majesty will easily conceive that I do not now desire to leave the happy haunts, which I have loved for so many years. The Prince would be perfectly happy, were he to join the life that we live, which is so excellently conducive to learning. No counter-attractions creep into it, and our modes are 'simplicity' itself. I might also humbly suggest that your Majesty could, at any time you desire, honour us with your presence, and so be with the Prince whenever you feel so disposed."

A look of keen disappointment appeared on the Queen's face, as she received the philosopher's views on this point. She had hoped to keep Meredes at home under her own wing, for he and Aphiades seemed to be the only two in the world to whom she could safely open her mind. She felt, however, that the philosopher's view was the fair one, and, therefore, she refrained from making any remarks upon his request, but simply acquiesced in his proposition. It was, at length, decided that Meredes and Didus should sail together the following day for Aria, at which place the Prince would take up his new abode, and study and receive instruction, according as the wise Didus should deem proper.

At this moment, the Prince strolled leisurely into the room, and, after the philosopher had been introduced to him, Meredes was informed of the plans which had just been completed for his future welfare. He chatted with Didus with affable ease and evident pleasure, for the thought of a new life away from the Court appealed to him greatly.

Moreover, he was at once attracted by the pleasant personality and eloquence of the man, with whom Fate had decreed that he should spend some years of perfect happiness.

At the suggestion of the Queen, the Prince and Didus spent the remainder of the day together, viewing the City of Art and the interiors of various places and temples, which greatly delighted the philosopher, for the whole city was teeming with interest for his advanced mind. That day was one of the most memorable in his life, and at night when he retired, he lay awake for many hours thinking upon the glory of that magnificent city and evolving his schemes for the tuition of the Prince.

Meredes also lay awake for a long time, wondering what the coming years would bring him, and also whether Ceska would prove to be as lovely as Didus had pictured her, for he had told him many times during that day of her exquisite beauty and profound wit.

(To be continued.)

Remembrance is the sweetest flower of all this
world perfuming,
For love doth guard it, sun or shower,
And friendship keeps it blooming.

Be thankful. The earth is full of the loving
kindness of the Lord.

Let nothing disturb Thee, nothing affright Thee :
All things are passing ; God never changeth.

From *The Treasure Chest*.

HINTS TO THE YOUNG MOTHER

OBEDIENCE

IN old days, we liked either to get unquestioning obedience from our children, or let them run riot. Now, most educated parents try instead to make them "responsible, happy, self-confident adults, capable of retaining their integrity in the face of temptations and difficulties and meeting successfully their obligations to their neighbours and to society."

This is what the *Parents' Magazine* says, and surely we can agree with it. A mother has to be careful not to let her children indulge in every whim, and she need not be afraid that she may break their spirit. No, she must teach them to obey her. There are two factors to this obedience. The first is that all children must learn to obey an order, whatever it is. The second is that there must be cheerfulness and willingness in this obedience, just because the children see that the order is a right one. And why is it right? Because the order was given in order that the rights of others should be protected, to ensure which children cannot completely have their way. Another reason why children should give willing obedience is because they must be trained to trust in the mature and wide judgement of their elders, especially their parents. Yet, while the leaders appreciate this trust, they must gradually teach their children to depend on their own judgement, and therefore must teach them to form that judgement carefully. There is no doubt that most children like to obey, and thus get the loving approval of, their parents.

Parents should not give too many commands, but only those which are necessary. A good deal of patience and toleration is very necessary with children. Therefore, when parents are inclined to say "*Don't*," they should first think :

(a) Are the children really doing something harmful and dangerous ?

(b) Are the children destroying anything beautiful or valuable ?

(c) Are they really annoying others ?

If these querries are answered in the affirmative, then only should mothers put in their veto. No order should be given, if it is unnecessary.

Then, commands should be given in a good manner. There should not be shown fear or expectation of a refusal. A casual acceptance should be taken for granted. If the orders given are meant for an orderly routine, obedience will soon become a happy habit. The wording should be kind and reasonable, peremptoriness being avoided if possible. There should also not be too much of a hurry expressed. In such cases, the little ones are rubbed up the wrong way with exasperation. Very often, motives for orders should be given. There should be no arguments, but just a short explanation. Immediately, you may be sure, will come a sweet response. There should also be consistency. One command one day should not be changed into another the next day. At the same time, parents should be honest. If, for example, an unnecessary order has been given, a reasonable objection, which is raised, may be considered. If there has been a mistake, there is no harm in admitting it.

As a matter of fact, parents should be very far-sighted. Care should be taken not to give orders, which are likely to be very difficult to obey. Such should be carefully led up to. But, when once a just order has been given, it should be obeyed.

There should be absolute mutual confidence between parents and children. No lies should be expected or allowed. As the children grow older, the reins of authority will have to grow looser. But greater temptations come in then for the children. What should parents do? Just break their hearts over the children, or expect stringent obedience even in older age. Neither. Let trust and confidence have already built up between them a clear and consistent and loving bridge; and all will yet be well.

CONQUEST OF A CHILD'S FEAR

There is a story in the *Parents' Magazine* of how a small baby of eight months old was one day suddenly frightened by an aunt, and became a great subject to fear. The child was terrified of a knock at the door, of a strange presence, of the sudden entrance of anyone. But gradually this fear was taken away, and the frayed nerves were soothed. How was this done, you ask. The neighbours were people, who understood about children, and the attendant on the baby was a kind and tactful woman. With their help, the mother acted carefully. The baby was taken for long rides in his *pram*, in which he saw people, who pretended to ignore him. Even visitors at the house did this. The baby became reassured and, though sudden movements yet frightened him, he gradually became accustomed to play with his toys in the presence of strangers. Never did people try to force his attention. They smiled understandingly at him, and sometimes tossed him a toy. His curiosity then was often roused, and he would gradually creep nearer and touch the people. Even then, no move was made, but just a smile was given. The child saw soon that such people were quite safe.

After his seventeenth month, he became interested in other children. When a baby sister was born, he was first unhappy, but care was taken to play with him and show him attention, together with that bestowed on the infant. The baby thus became his partner at first, and then his property.

Gradually, the child was taught, as a sort of play with his mother, to greet visitors cordially, even to talk with them, and show them courtesy. When he was three years and seven months old, his mother describes him thus: " There still is a trace of timidity left. A heavy black-robed woman appearing suddenly will bring back his old hysterical look of terror. But the fear is short-lived, and he greets people with an outstretched hand, a smile, and appropriate greeting. He says *grace* before meals unassisted, in the presence of guests, as well as when we are alone; he sings, dances, romps, waves his hand at passers-by; in short he is a sturdy, happy, friendly little boy, who no longer lacks a sense of security in his environment."

—*Mater.*

CHINESE WOMEN

CIVILIZATION is advancing everywhere, and the women in China are marching along as speedily as those of other nations. They have got rid of the horrible habit of binding feet, keeping to the house, and despising labour. Many have gone abroad and taken up different courses of agriculture, science, medicine, pedagogy, law, architecture and music.

They are improving marvellously, and, but for the lack of unselfishness in some things, their country would not be left behind. They put their heart into all their studies from rather a mercenary point of view: and what is worse they have also learnt to run after the excitements of modern society, which in themselves, though not vices, may yet lead to some deplorable consequences, such as extravagance, jealousy, ill-health resulting from late hours, no attention paid to their seniors and the neglect of children.

However, several people are trying to make the best use of the talents of women and to point out their shortcomings. Numerous huge buildings have been erected for educating, nursing and accommodating the poor: and now, whether these institutions can last long enough to be of service to the public, depends on how many are generous enough to give liberal subscriptions.

Debating societies have been organized to wake women up. One of the most interesting debates was about :—

" The responsibility of women is heavier than that of men."

The proposer and seconder said, in the course of their speeches, "Chairman, ladies and gentlemen, we have the honour to address you on to-night's topic, which is ' The responsibility of women is heavier than that of men,' and we hope you will please give your candid opinions about the same.

A man is bound to the occupation he has chosen. Women are bound in almost every direction.

Do you realize that money can evidently take away the greatest part of the burden of men, but that nothing can make light that of the women. It may be considered that, when servants are employed, the housewife need not go into the domestic work carefully ; but this is one of the greatest mistakes, not only of men, but also of the majority of uneducated women.

With regard to meals, how can you expect servants to know what is more nutritious and what is not; and how do you expect them to take so much notice of your likes and dislikes ? As to looking after children, would servants be showing as much kindness to them as their own mothers ? No, their responsibility is too great to be replaced by anything."

One courageous woman stood up and said :—

" Chairman, ladies and gentlemen, the topic of to-night is that the burdens of women are varied and every branch is just as important as another. It is true that there were more heroes, inventors and discoverers among men than among women, but do you know the reason why ? When a man has chosen his career, he need not bother about anything else, and this is the cause for saying that his burden is lighter.

In quoting history, women may still claim that the proposer is right because Ork Fay, one of the greatest of Chinese heroes was trained by his mother. Confucius, though well known for his excellent methods, had not a single pupil, who was Ork Fay's better. This does not mean that he was not the best of teachers ; but that the training received from mothers carries the most effective impression."

This speech was received with much applause and when the time for voting came the opposing party lost by 184—32.

Here is a story about a Chinese woman :

When China was waging war against Spain, a young girl wrote to the king that her father was too old for the battle field and she was ashamed that none of her family could be of service to their country, since her brother was but a child of six. She begged to offer herself as a nurse, so that she night fulfil her duties from a double point of view—faith to her country and service to her father in being able to do something on his behalf.

Her request was quickly granted, and she bade her parents farewell with a most comforting and encouraging speech, which should be instructive to the youth of all ages :—

" I am extremely sorry that I cannot always be near you, but you see, all of us should love our country as much as we love our home. Though I hate to part with you, I am sure you will feel happy that at least one of us is serving our country. If every one were to relinquish his duty to his country with the excuse that he has his parents to look after, from whom can the country get protection ? All soldiers and officers have parents. We should love our father and mother as much as we can, and be near them as long as possible, but when service is needed we should let nothing hinder our way. It is the duty of everybody to make his or her country as powerful as possible.

—*R. Masodeen.*

NEWS ABOUT INDIAN WOMEN

WOMEN'S STATUS

THE decision has been arrived at in the House of Commons that sex in India should not disqualify for the holding of certain public offices in India, even while it could not be admitted that sex should not be a disqualification for the professions. The last point was one, which could be judged by the Indian Legislatures.

It was decided also that women should be members of the Federal Council of State. They had already reserved for them nine seats in the Federal Assembly. One seat on the Legislative Assemblies could be given to a woman for each of the provinces of Madras, Bombay. Bengal, United Provinces, Punjab and Bihar.

The defence of Indian Women is occupying a great deal of the attention of their European sisters. The Labour women of England have not forgotten to make demands for the full and equal suffrage of Indian women, not as wives and widows, but in their own right, and also for equal status with men in everything. The women members of Parliament are agitating for their sisters in India. Mrs. Hamed Ali, Vice-President of the All India Women's Conference, also expressed her views in London. She said :

" We do know what full citizenship means. As women, we are not going to be put off by certain concessions, the securing of which seems to give particular pleasure to English women who really mean well but scarcely understand, I am afraid, our broader outlook on what is desirable for all India. We appreciate just as much as the men what nationhood means and what citizenship of a free country really is. On the question of communal differences, our women refuse to recognise such divisions. They cannot agree that certain concessions, recently made by Parliament in respect to women and the legislatures, give them any palpable advantages from a political standpoint. I agree that some of these concessions recently made may be regarded as an admission of our status, but beyond that they mean nothing. Furthermore, we do not require them, if India can get a full measure of political responsibility, because then we know we can trust our men and they will not seek to deny our complete equality in citizenship.

THE INDIAN LAW OF INHERITANCE IN OLDEN TIMES

In *Stri-Dharma* is an article, which tells us that the law of inheritance in old times was based upon the principle that consanguinity continued in women as well as in men to the fourth generation. But the daughter left the father's family and went into another. Therefore, she could not be an heir in her father's family, if there was a male heir up to the great grand-son (fourth generation). The right of the widow came after that of the latter. The right of a woman in property was thus recognised. When property was divided, the woman's share, together with the *Stri-dhanam* received from her husband or father-in-law, must equal a son's share. An unmarried daughter had a quarter of the son's share. A widow was entitled to a grand-son's share, when the property was divided between sons and grandsons. The Stri-dhanam was the peculiar property of the woman, and it was defined thus; " What was given before the nuptial fire, on the bridal procession, or in token of love, what was received from a brother, mother or father, are considered as the six-fold separate property of a married woman." Women could also pursue an independant occupation and gain by it. A mother was the guardian of her minor children, and had powers of adoption.

LABOUR CONSIDERATIONS FOR WOMEN IN INDIA

In an article by Pankaj Kumar Muker-

jee, in the Bangalore *Daily Post*, an interesting article appears on this subject. The laws ameliorating the conditions of labouring women in India are thus ennumerated: "The existing law regarding women's labour commenced in the year 1891, and it was successively improved by the Acts of 1911, 1922, 1928 and 1934.The Act of 1891 prohibited the night-work of women, and the Act of 1911 restricted the period of work to 11 hours a day and the Act of 1922 confirmed the fixity of the working period as prescribed by the Act of 1911. The Act of 1934 has fixed daily hours of work as ten for all adult workers. It has also provided that no woman shall be allowed to work in a factory except between 6 a.m. and 7 p.m. The Mines Act of 1923 limited the hours of work as 60 hours for the surface work and 54 hours for the underground work per week. But the daily hours of work in mines are still excessive; for the same body of workers, men and women, remain engaged for 16 to 17 hours at a stretch in underground work. The Act of 1928 restricted the period of work in mines to 12 hours a day from 1st April 1930. The Act of 1922 did much towards the improvement in the conditions of women's labour. It restricted the period of work to 11 hours. It prohibited the employment of women in any factory before 5-30 in the morning and 7-0' clock in the evening. It was directed by the same legislation that the same woman should not be employed in two factories on one and the same day. Lastly, it required the manager of each factory to announce the specified time for the employment of each woman and child. The only factories which do not fall under those restrictions are the Ginning Factory and the Pressing Cotton Factory.

"There are other minor restrictions regarding women workers in factories. Women and children are prohibited from cleaning any part of the machinery in certain dangerous works. They are also prohibited from commencing work when cotton operators remain on duty. The Act of 1922 emphasised the prohibition of night-work by women labourers. The minor factory Act of 1923 and 1926 did not deal with the problem of women workers. The Act of 1926 relaxed the provision of night-work of women in cases of fish-canning and fish-curing industries. The factory Act of 1934 has empowered the Governor General in Council to prohibit or restrict the employment of women, adolescents or children from any operation likely to expose any person to risk."

Yet, says the writer, there is much that remains to be done. India has lagged behind a good deal. While Italy, Lithuamia, Switzerland, Norway, Poland, Canada, Nova Scotia, Quebec and other places have carefully regulated the 11 hours rest allowed to women, India, with the exception of a few arrangements in some places, has made no proper regulations of time, with regard to variations of season, or differentiation between factories of different type. Yet, the countries mentioned have their industrial growth about the same as in India.

We are told that there is much scope for improvement. For instance, it is advisable to close factories in summer at 8-30 p. m., instead of 7, in order to give more rest in the afternoon. Work can be started at 5.30, a. m., continued till 11-30, closed for four hours, commenced again at 3-30 p. m., and stopped at 8-30 p. m. In textiles, work in summer can be prohibited between 8 a. m. and 6 a.m. and in winter between 7 a. m. and 7 p. m. With regard to poisonous articles, different circumstances can be calculated. The multiple shift system can be abolished. With regard to the age of workers, whether 15, 17 or 18, physical fitness ought to be considered, as well as the heaviness or otherwise of the work to be done.

We have noted, since writing the above, that the International Labour Conference has prohibited the labour of women in mines. Japan has accepted the principle; and India expects to stop all women's labour under-ground by 1939.

THE MUSLIM LAW OF DIVORCE

A bill has been prepared in Hyderabad

and submitted to the Legislative Council, called the Muslim Marriage Relations bill. A Committee has been appointed by Government to enquire into this bill, which is expected to apply in the whole of the Nizam's dominions to all cases arising in future. The bill says that, though the husband is the senior partner in marriage, his wife has equal rights with him. It provides that the wife cannot by herself terminate her marriage contract, but can obtain a judicial divorce on the grounds of disease and cruelty and non-discharge of duties. This bill is said to be a "definite, authoritative and unambiguous guide to the adminstration of the Muslim law of divorce."

In this connection, it is interesting to note that Sir Abdul Quadir, in an address at Cambridge, mentioned that one of the fundamental aspects of Islam had been: "The woman's right to equal education, and an equal place in the community; the wife's right of holding legally exclusive property in her own name, as well as her legal right of sharing equally with all male heirs." Such rights, while conceded in England in 1882 and 1926, had been recognised in Muslim law 1350 years before.

THE WOMEN OF BARODA

The *Madras Mail* gives a short account of the improvement made in the position of women in Baroda. H. H. The Maharaja and Maharani have always taken an interest in their progress, and the steady rise in their condition is due in a large measure to this interest. The status of the widow has been raised. An amended law makes her *coparcener,* in the joint Hindu family, and she is entitled to a son's share in the family property, or, if there is no son to the natural share of her husband. In acquired or seperate property she gets a share equal to that of a son. A widowed daughter-in-law ranks next to the mother. A widowed daughter has a right to be maintained by her father's family, if she has no other resources.

An unmarried daughter can live apart and independently from her family, and claim a fourth part of her brother's share, as equal to marriage and maintenance expenses. The sons of a pre-deceased daughter are equal heirs with those of a living daughter; those of a pre-deceased sister have the same, when circumstances allow.

A woman has a right in the property she acquires as a sharer or as an heir, if such does not exceed the value of Rs. 12000. She can alienate it also. The Hindu Divorce Act, since 1931. places women in a better position than in British India. As a matter of fact, women in Baroda are far better now than in British India.

AN EMANCIPATED MOHAMEDAN LADY

It is good to hear of the emancipation from purdah of a Mohammedan lady of Mysore, who has just returned after long study at the University of Leeds. She took her Diploma in education and was selected for the M. Ed., examination. Though she is the mother of a large family, she was away for a long time and took a tour on the continent, where she took part in the International Girl Guide Conference in Switzerland, in the 12th Congress of the International Alliance of women for suffrage and equal citizenship at Istambul, and in the International Women's Conference at London. She was much impressed by "the real" English men and English women she met in England, by the spirit of Girl-guiding in the West; by the freedom and enterprise of Turkish women and their interest in India; by the progressiveness of girls' education in Istambul. "There was not a single moment throughout my stay in the West, when I did not learn something new, when I did not yearn for similar conditions in our own country," she said.

News about Women in Foreign Countries

WE are told by the *Hindu* that the late meeting of the National Federation of Women's Institutes in London was a great success. 8000 women went to discuss the everyday problems of their country; yet there was such a cheerful sympathy apparent in the whole procedure that it seemed as if village and town were one and the same. The problems tackled were many, such as those of right feeding; the care of aged couples so that they should not be separated in workhouses, but be kept together and somewhat independent; and maternal welfare. The business capacity revealed at the meeting with regard to finances and organisation, was really wonderful. "There has been a stone age and iron age, but this is the Women's age," said Lady Fitzergerald. Labour women also held a great meeting at Sheffield to discuss some big subjects.

THE FARMER-WOMEN OF CANADA

Women in Canada, says the *Madras Mail*, are keeping abreast of the times. They are showing their ability to do duties, which were regarded at one time, as belonging to men alone. Especially is this so with the farmer-women, who are attending successfully to many phases of agriculture. There are 212 farm-women's clubs, with 8877 members, whose agenda is not connected with social affairs, but has to do with farm-life. Egg production, for instance, is seen to, more than 818,000 dozens of eggs being marketed. There is horticulture; many women are spinners and weavers. The raising and breeding of sheep yields much wool. Flax is grown largely. Canning, bee-keeping, linen work, are some other activities. It is good to note that accounts are well kept. And much spare time is given to reading, there being 105 libraries in the clubs, with 4222 volumes and 6762 pamphlets, most of which are patronised.

THE WOMEN OF TIBET

There is a record in *Stri-Dhrama*, by a Tibetan women, of women's status in Tibet. She tells us that both sexes are equal in her land. Women take full part in social and business life as partners, though the husband is really the nominal head of the house. As a matter of fact, the family-members all consult each other as a matter of course. In the absence of the husband, or if the husband is disabled for business, or if the husband is dead, the woman is used to the management of her whole estate, or kingdom.

In the ordinary course of things, the women do the domestic work, not being afraid or shy of even menial labour, such as cooking, sweeping, carrying water, milking. They spin the yarn and weave cloth. They help the men in agricultural work, in cutting firewood, in the building of houses, in buying and selling. Men exclusively do hunting and trapping, metal-work, leather-work, ploughing, and so on. Servants are treated almost as members of the family.

The women, therefore, are strong and capable, and many of them are beautiful; yet they are not consulted about their marriage, not because they are not worthy of being consulted, but just because otherwise they would hate to leave their fathers' houses. Marriage ideals, however, we are glad to note, are very strict.

A SCOTTISH HIGHLAND HOME

There are still some villages in our old land of Scotland which resemble some of our villages in India, in that they are far away from a railway centre; but there are fewer inhabitants and the land does not produce enough to sustain many families. The centres of such a village are the *Kirk* (church) and the *Manor*. The minister is often not only the centre for spiritual counsel, but is also often the doctor

and the legal adviser for the family. To be called "a son of the Manse" is equivalent to being called a useful member of the community, and many such, to whom the simple outlook of the village is too small and who outstrip the education of the village school, are called out to distant lands.

I am now in Scotland in a distant Highland glen, the *laird* of which is one of a long line of men who have felt the responsibility of their position. But, they look up to the minister of the *Kirk* and are ready to help him. Scotland recognizes no priesthood. On the Sunday that I was there, in the absence of the minister, the laird was asked to take the Sunday service and it was a pleasure to see the smile on the face of the *Session clerk*, (the lay-officer of the church), as the laird came up to occupy the pulpit. In the evening he was to have preached again, but handed the pulpit to me. The enlightened people of Scotland do not prohibit a woman from giving her message. The older people might have objected to my occupying the pulpit of a *parish Kirk*, but none would object to it in a *School-Church*, erected by the laird's grand-father for the children of the distant glen. An intelligent audience listened, while I gave them some experiences of Indian Churches and schools; for even from these distant glens young men, in a spirit of enterprise, often try their fortune in India and so connect the East with the West. If there is similarity in village life in Scotland and India, there is also one great contrast. The cold wind from the mountains and the snow and ice call for well-built *cotter houses* with closely-barred doors, in contrast to the little open houses, where every breath of wind is a joy and a refreshment. We, who live in both, are learning more and more that human beings are the same everywhere.

Emily Kinnaird

FASHION SUGGESTIONS

1. WHAT IS BEAUTY?

BEAUTY is not a simple affair, but made up of various factors, such as perfect dressing, dainty cleanliness, good physique and features, charm of manner, and vivacity of expression. I was reading in *Health* the other day that these can be worked down into the three elements of physical, mental and social beauty. One is imperfect without the other, and usually palls on the observer by itself. All our faculties must be used, therefore, in realising beauty.

The great thing is to understand overselves. We are the result of our thoughts, feelings and desires. Just as a powerful light can be dimmed by layers of material, the real personality can often be hidden under prejudice, wrong thoughts, ignorance, moral cowardice, and sentimentalism. Especially is this so with the Indian woman. She has to break through the outward sheath and step out into the light; then her own light will shine supreme. Inside of most of us is a beautiful and fine personality. If we know what it is, we can keep our ideals before us, and we can slowly but surely approximate towards them. There are two ways of doing this. The first is analysis, which uncovers any trouble; the second is suggestion, which begins to overcome it. And there is no use in worrying one-self. Through worry comes confusion, doubt, the inferiority complex, fear and finally stagnation. But, if the personality is correctly developed, it will find itself a suitable expression in the body and face; and then plainness even can become beauty.

2. A HEALTHY COMPLEXION

At the very outset I must warn you

that I am not an expert in this matter, by which I mean that I am neither a doctor nor a beauty specialist. But I think I can lay claim to some observation and a little common-sense, which I am sure you also possess with me. I only apologise however for "carrying coals to Newcastle," in writing about such matters to experts, who seem to know all about them even in India.

All the world agrees that though Dame Fashion is a most arbitrary mistress, yet she must be obeyed. How else can we compete with the *elite*? Besides fashion is not so unkind as we think. There is method in her madness. She has correct modes to suit all ages, sizes and appearances, and she has compensations for her most foolish fancies. The strenuous but beneficial exercise and activity of modern life, for instance, make less necessary the meagre and weakening regime, which would otherwise be needed for the modern fashionable figure. There are other such palliatives. Moreover, why should we always try to be good? Exact virtue is a weariness to the flesh. Who would, for instance, keep to a meticulously hygienic dietary? Who would completely give up harmful smoking? Who would sedulously avoid late hours? The result would be physical fitness no doubt; but it would also mean too much concentration on self, and a too premature aging of spirit, which you will admit must be avoided at all costs.

All this preamble helps me to draw the conclusion that there must be sound principles in every department of life, and therefore wholesome remedies for every ill. Take the care of the complexion, for instance. All that we desire for it is to make it look fresh, clear and healthy. Fashion has allowed the use of paints and powders; such appliances will be needed for some individuals, especially in the case of the poor health often induced by unsuitability of climate; very often, however, "make-up" ruins a really pretty colour and bloom. In any case, it is well always to remember that the materials should not only be of the best quality, but should be specially chosen in order to tone in with the type of skin treated. The cream should be applied more by little taps and dabs, which should at the same time be massaged well into the pores, with an upward movement from the outer corners of the eyes, and across lines and wrinkles, not along them. If rouge must be used, it should be applied more as a paste than as a powder, and the edges should be carefully graded and shaded, so as not to leave a hard dab. It is well also to be careful in the use of the lip-stick, remembering not to make the curves too large, especially on a wide mouth. The red should be shaded off from the middle of the lips to the corners. When the lip-stick is not used, a little glycerine can be massaged into the lips, to prevent them from being too dry. The corners can also be rubbed with cream in an upward direction, so as to prevent a droop.

Vanishing creams for greasy skins, and cold creams for dry skins, are advisable. It should also be kept in mind that cosmetics must be thoroughly removed and the skin perfectly cleansed and sponged before the night-rest. Lukewarm water can be used, to which a little milk can be added. After the wash, a soft towel should be gently used to dry the skin.

A necessary concomitant for a good complexion is a suitable diet as much as possible, such as the avoidance of too many greasy or undigestable foods, and the taking of plenty of juicy fruit. A good plan again is to drink plenty of cold water between meals. The blood should be kept pure by doses of salines, barley water and sometimes by tea infusions of herbs. Exercises of various kinds should be resorted to, as we see by the recommendation of such devices in newspapers and journals.

3. CARE OF DETAILS

Often, the appearance of a whole *ensemble* is spoilt by the neglect of a small detail, and when a colour-sheme is not followed

up-to, perfection, the result is disastrous. The Indian woman's costume, as everyone knows, lends itself to the creation of beautiful colour schemes. From the sandals or slippers on the feet, to the sari, the blouse, the ear-drops and jewels, the bangles and even flowers in the hair, a perfect mingling of colours can be achieved. There is a lady who is said to have spent several hundred rupees on glass bangles alone, because she was scrupulously particular about having different shades to match different saris. One can hardly imagine where she got the room to stock this colossal number of flimsy glassware; but the fact remains that she did.

The wearing of glass bangles is once more becoming the fashion. Rich women are becoming very fond of them, and a number of gleaming glass bangles in between gold ones, look very pretty indeed; but the whole point is that these bangles must be changed with the saris. This is a detail in one's toilet, which one must not on any account neglect. Nothing looks more careless and jarring than bright red bangles, let us say, with a saxe-blue sari. Perhaps the wearer wore the red bangles, to suit a red sari, and then forgot, or had not time to change them when she wore the blue sari; but, if one has not time to attend to this detail, one should not wear glass bangles.

Touches of black in a colour-scheme are always attractive. Thus, a black sleeveless blouse and a black and gold or silver border, to tone down a bright flame or red will never be out of place, and glass bangles of black and the colour of the sari look rather entrancing.

Shoes or sandals are always a detail that should not be neglected. They should also match the sari.

—Sister Susie

OUR CHILDREN'S PAGE

1. NOP (A STORY)

THE twins were very miserable. They had not burnt their beloved dolls' house, nor had their rocking-horse dropped its mane, nor had their lovely yacht sunk in the duck-pond, nor had their plasticine been eaten by the cat; but, nevertheless, they were very miserable. Their beloved dog Nop was lost! She had strayed out of the compound on the previous evening, and, after that, not a single member of the family had beheld her again, and there was very little hope of their doing so in the future. No wonder the twins were not in the best of spirits.

Weeks went by, and the twins had more or less reconciled themselves to the absence of their old and faithful pet. Indeed, they occasionally cast affectionate glances at a little puppy which their neighbours were anxious to get rid of, but still the position formerly occupied by Nop remained vacant.

Such was the state of affairs when, a few days later, Nurse took Paul and Paulina out for a walk. It was not a very pleasant affair, for, sadly missing Nop's gambols and footsteps behind them, memories of her little whims and habits crowded upon them and made them a rather dismal trio. But soon they beheld something which speedily drove away their troubles. Turning a corner in the road, they suddenly came upon nothing less than a Punch-and-Judy show, round which was already clustered a small crowd of gaping children. As a matter of course, the twins immediately called a halt, and soon, I am sorry to say, they all three became a portion of the wide-mouthed fraternity themselves!

Punch, as usual, roundly belaboured his unfortunate wife, and in doing so,

overbalanced himself in a highly amusing and gratifying manner. At this moment Toby made his appearance, and was hailed with a loud burst of applause from the young audience. The behaviour of our three, however, was extremely eccentric. Immediately Toby entered upon their range of vision, they gradually closed their mouths, and gradually opened their eyes, wider, wider, wider, till it seemed as if they were in dire danger of popping from their sockets. "If it weren't for its colour," murmured Paul, at last, "I could swear it was Nop." "Yes," breathed Paulina, "so could I." Then, as if of common, but unspoken, consent, they both shrieked together "NOP"! Instantly every head turned to stare at them, and, as if suddenly poked with a pin, up jumped Toby, with startled eyes staring towards the call. Without a moment's hesitation, he then leaped from the little stage, tossing over the whole contraption, and tore wildly up to where the twins stood in an ecstacy of delight!

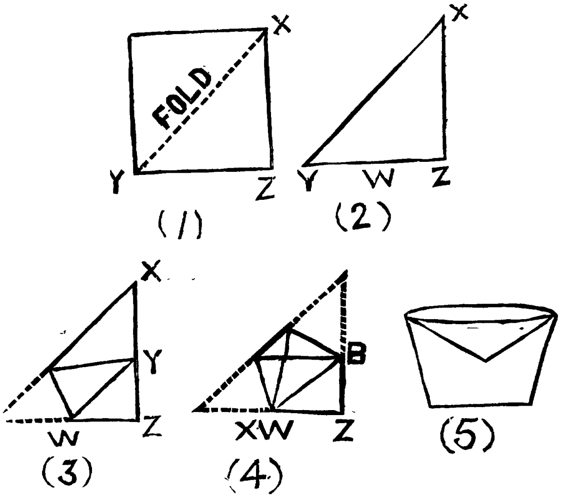
When all had recovered from the surprise of these unexpected happenings, the audience turned round to look for the rascally proprietor of the Show, who had obviously kidnapped Nop, and trained and dyed her to play the part of Toby. This personage, however, believing that "Discretion was the better part of Valour", had hastily decamped with his assistant, leaving the twins to make their happy departure with their newly-recovered pet.

Nop never strayed again!

2. THINGS TO KEEP YOU OCCUPIED

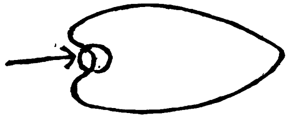
a. *A Useful Paper Cup.*

If you go for a picnic, or if you want a cup for emergency purposes, you can very easily make one out of paper. This is how you do it. Take a stiff piece of paper about 8 square inches. Fold it over from the top left hand corner to Z, as shown in (1). Take middle points of XZ and YZ, and fold lower corner Y to the new position of Y as shown in (3). Now take X and fold it in same way making XW, as shown in (4). Then take one of the corners at Z and fold it outside, and lastly take the other corner at Z and fold it outside the cup—and there you have it, all ready.



b. *A Moving Boat.*

Take some thin tin foil and cut it into the shape of a boat with a nick at one end, as shown in diagram.



At the angle of the nick place some camphor so that, while resting on the boat it touches the water as well, and then watch what happens. The boat will start moving on the water.

Parijatam

Cookery Notes

Cheese Souffle

2 tablespoons butter,	1 cup grated American cheese,
1½ tablespoons flour,	3 egg-yolks, beaten until lemon-colored,
1½ tablespoons tapioca,	3 egg-whites, stiffly beaten.
1 cup milk,	
1 teaspoon salt,	

Melt butter, add flour and then the milk, stirring to make a smooth paste. Add tapioca and salt and cook, stirring frequently, over boiling water for 5 to 10 minutes. Add cheese and stir until it is melted. Remove from boiling water; let cool slightly while beating the eggs. Combine the beaten egg-yolks with the hot mixture: pour a little of the hot milk mixture over the eggs, stirring rapidly, and then return to the original vessel. Mix well and then gently fold in the stiffly beaten egg-whites. Turn into a greased baking dish and bake in a moderate oven for 35 minutes or until the souffle is firm. I find that if I allow the cooked tapioca mixture to stand for 30 or 40 minutes, it continues to thicken. When this occurs, I just add from ¼ to ½ cup extra milk to make the sauce of the same consistency as when it was taken from the stove.

Chocolate Souffle

1 cup milk,	2 tablespoons butter,
2½ squares bitter chocolate, cut in pieces,	3 tablespoons flour,
	⅓ cup sugar,
	3 egg-yolks, beaten,

3 egg-whites, beaten stiffly.

Put chocolate in a vessel and heat over boiling water until it melts. Add a little of the milk and stir, adding more milk gradually to make a smooth mixture. Melt butter in a separate pan, add flour and blend. Add a little milk and stir to make a smooth sauce. Mix the white sauce with chocolate-milk and cook over boiling water until thick and smooth, stirring constantly. Remove from hot water and allow to cool slightly while beating eggs. Beat the egg-yolks, add the sugar a little at a time. Combine with the hot chocolate sauce by pouring the hot sauce over the eggs. Stir well. Fold in the beaten egg-whites. Turn into a greased baking dish and bake in a moderate oven for 30 to 35 minutes.

Bread Crumb Souffle

2 tablespoons butter,	2 cups milk,
1 tablespoon flour,	1 cup grated cheese,
1 teaspoon salt,	4 egg-yolks, beaten,
½ cup dry bread crumbs,	4 egg-whites, stiffly beaten.

Melt the butter, add flour and stir until smooth. Add salt, bread crumbs and milk, and cook over boiling water for about five minutes. Add grated cheese and stir until it is melted. Remove from boiling water and let cool slightly while beating the eggs. Combine the hot mixture with the beaten egg-yolks, fold in the stiffly beaten egg-whites and turn into a well-greased baking dish. Bake in a moderate oven for 35 to 40 minutes.

Ham and Chicken Souffle

5 tablespoon tapioca,	½ cup ground cooked ham,
½ teaspoon salt,	½ cup finely cut cooked chicken,
½ teaspoon chopped onion,	2 tablespoon chopped parsley,
1 cup milk,	
1 cup chicken stock,	3 egg-yolks, beaten,

3 egg-whites, stiffly beaten.

Combine tapioca, salt, onion, milk and chicken stock in boiler. Cook over boiling water for 5 to 10 minutes, stirring frequently. Remove from boiling water, combine with beaten egg-yolks and then add the finely-cut chicken, ham and chopped parsley. Fold in beaten egg-whites and turn into a well-greased casserole. Bake in a moderate oven for 35 to 40 minutes. This s a good way to use any left-over meat.

(From the Parents' Magazine)

Needle Work Notes

Some patterns for Children's Dresses—

From the *Parents' Magazine*

Household Hints

BRIGHTER HOMES

WHY do so many homes in India still look dark, dishevelled and murky? Cleanliness and brightness can be achieved so easily—and still—we come across dusty, closed-in rooms where the fresh air hardly ever enters, and where curtains and upholstering look dark and musty, where pictures hang crookedly on walls, and cobwebs decorate unswept corners, where carpets are stained and tables are crowded with cheap dusty ornaments.

Let us start from the floor. Why have carpets and mats if you cannot keep them clean? Dispose of them, and have a neat polished floor, which you can have swept every morning, and then wiped with a moist-cloth dipped in some disinfectant. This freshens the room wonderfully. Then, let all windows be thrown wide open, and the few necessary curtains dusted thoroughly. Pictures should be straightened and ceilings and walls kept clean. Brass and silver should be spotlessly polished, and furniture kept in a gleaming condition. Fresh flowers should fill vases each day. How different your home will look, if you will out carry out these few details each morning!

—*Paddy*.

A LETTER

Dear Editor,

I WISH to rouse the interest of your readers in some problems of a teacher's vocation in India. I have often seen the bright girl in an Indian Village school called out and sent to a Mission or Government Training Centre and after two years sent back to her own people to guide the education of her younger friends and be a teacher in her own village. There is a danger in this plan, as a teacher ought also to be a leader in the community and two years of college, if she has only reached the 6th standard before she enters, is hardly sufficient to give her the wider experience needed for such work. There is another side to the teacher's vocation, engendered by the present system of non-religious Government schools, which are under District Boards or the Municipality, with in general no women on them. Men and women teachers may not be religiously-minded and so will neglect to begin school with any religious exercise. I think we women ought to see to it that religion is not left out. A time for quiet worship may commence each day which will teach children that there is an unseen, but knowable, Supreme Being, who is to be worshipped. Where it is a large school, teachers of different religions may in turn explain their methods of approach. In Mission schools, religion is not neglected although it it not enforced; but when the love of the great God is explained and made known as a personal relation, there is no doubt that young hearts thrill to it.

I am,
yours sincerely,
Emily Kinnaird.

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